small house & leaned on the low fence, for there was a pleasant picture, ~~for~~ for an outcast, visible through one of the windows. It was a family at supper. There was a roaring wood fire burning on the hearth; there was a cat curled up in a chair, asleep; there were some books on a what-not, some pictures on the walls; but mainly there was the smoking supper; a benevolent looking man of middle age ~~was~~ sat at the foot of the table; a motherly dame at its head, & a little boy & girl at one side. It was

like looking into paradise.

~~Heaven~~

I never once thought of knocking at that door. I had had enough of cuffs & curses. I no longer believed that there were men in the world who would pity me or any other miserable creature.

It was very dark, now. A man who was running by behind an umbrella, struck against me with such a shock that both of us fell. He cursed me roundly as he gathered himself up, & gave me a good-bye kick as he left. It caught me on one of my dog-bites & made me cry out with